

Good Morning

114

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

★
Showtime
on leave
★

By
Call Boy

AN ISLAND OF BLONDES

A SOUTH ATLANTIC island inhabited by beautiful women and ruled over by a queen who runs her kingdom on beehive lines, with women all-powerful and the few men present corralled and kept as drones, is the original setting of a new Gainsborough musical, "Bees in Paradise," starring Arthur Askey, which went into production at Islington Studios recently under Val Guest's direction.

Into this seeming "paradise" come the survivors of a plane crash—Arthur Askey, Max Bacon, Peter Graves and Ronald Shiner. They are received like kings, but soon find that there are snags for the mere male in this land of glamorous women, one of these being that any man who gets married is compelled to commit suicide after a two-months' honeymoon.

The rules laid down for men and conditions on the island lead to many amusing and disastrous incidents for the four men in a world of women.

"Bees in Paradise" is an original screen story written by Marriott Edgar and Val Guest, with music and lyrics by Manning Sherwin and Guest, composers of many recent film song hits, including the "Hi Gang!" music and "Why Can't It Happen To Me?"

FIVE STARLETS.

With Arthur Askey and his three male companions are Anne Shelton, Jean Kent, Antoinette Cellier, Joy Shelton and Terry Randal. The five Gainsborough starlets, Virginia Kelley, Iris Lang, Sheila Bligh, Una Sheppard and Pat Owens, who are being groomed for stardom in the Hollywood manner by Maurice Ostrer, are being given great chances in this new musical and head a cast of forty carefully chosen "lovelies."

Joy Millan, chosen by the director as the "perfect screen blonde," and pretty Valerie Tandy from the Windmill Theatre, are two more girls of whom great things are expected in their first film.

Jose Shelton, Anne's kid sister, who played a tiny part in "Miss London Ltd.," gets a good part in "Bees in Paradise," of the wise-cracking little sister—and has a duet with Anne.

Joy Shelton, the third Shelton girl in this film, is not related to Anne and Jose. She recently played the flighty daughter in Gainsborough's war workers' film, "Millions Like Us," and is to play the Captain of the Guard in her new film.

"Bees in Paradise" is produced by Edward Black, with Maurice Ostrer in charge of production.

ONE DESTINY.

IRVING CUMMINGS has been awarded a new long-term contract with 20th Century-Fox, under which his first assignment will be the direction of "One Destiny," with William Perleberg producing.

BUFFALO BILL.

"BUFFALO BILL" will be produced for 20th Century-Fox by Harry Sherman.

William Wellman will direct. Joel McCrea will play the title role, and production is scheduled to begin this summer. It will be photographed in Technicolor.



There's a brunette, too—
Sheila Bligh.

HERMANN GOERING.

LAIRD CREGAR will play the role of fat Hermann Goering, German Air Minister, in "The Night is Ending," one of next season's specials, with Brenda Marshall and George Sanders co-starred. Cregar has a major role in "Hello, Frisco, Hello," and the recently completed Ernst Lubitsch Technicolor production, "Heaven Can Wait," with Gene Tierney and Don Ameche.

ORGAN SWING.

ROBIN RICHMOND, popular favourite of the B.B.C.'s "Starlight" and "Music While You Work" programmes, is now touring Odeon theatres.

Robin is a "swing" organist. That does not mean that he produces squeals and grunts from the instrument, as some may fear.

His art is to exploit the possibilities of the organ as a rhythm instrument—that takes some doing.

A B C for M.G.M.

TWENTY-SEVEN Hollywood juvenile actors, between the ages of four and seven, are learning their A B C's the hard way.

All the children are appearing in M.G.M.'s "Russia," Robert Taylor's starring film.

In a nursery scene, they will recite the alphabet, not in English, but in Russian.

Many of the tiny actors, according to Director Gregory Ratoff, don't know the English alphabet yet, and consequently, will learn the Russian one first.

That's the hard way—for the Russian alphabet has six more letters.

MERLE RETURNS.

MERLE OBERON'S first picture under her recently signed M.G.M. contract will be "Cry Havoc," story of the heroic women on Bataan. Ann Sothorn and Fay Bainter will have other important roles. Richard Thorpe will direct, with Edwin Knopf as producer.



(From the water-colour by Adrian Bury.)

KNOW THIS PUB?

AT the ferry end of Church-street, Isleworth, are individual houses which came into being one by one for individuals who knew their minds. Solid, dignified, independent in spite of the next-doorness of neighbours—houses which must have been set up for well-to-do merchants and professional people. No assertive gentility about them but plain forthrightness. Some with white fronts and creepers hanging; some with red fronts and tiny balconies; some with a strip of flower-bed inside a wooden fence, some with flowers inside an iron fence.

Between these "better-class" residence and the backwater stands the old "London Apprentice" Inn, where you may hear the lightermen and boatmen talk much on the lines of W. W. Jacob's barges, though they don't very much look like them.

The Inn preserves its old-time air externally; tradition solidly asserts that highway-men of the not-far-distant Hounslow Heath used this hostelry for professional purposes. The balcony above the entrance looks down-river, and along the tideway between the towpath and the sedgy bank of Syon Park.

Records show that this inn is at least five hundred years old, and the name is supposed to have arisen from the fact that apprentice lads, forbidden by law to drink within the limits of London, rowed down the Thames to the "London Apprentice," this being the first inn beyond the limits.

HAUNT OF KINGS.

Until 1739 "The London Apprentice" was always open by day and by night for the benefit of travellers journeying by water, and among celebrities who have eaten and drunk there have been King Henry VIII, King Charles II, Mistress Nell Gwynn and Lady Jane Grey. It was from Syon House, not far away, that the unfortunate Lady Jane passed by water to the Tower ere she met her fate at the headman's hands on Tower Hill.

Tradition stoutly maintains that smugglers were once wont to land their goods by All Saints' Church, and pass through the vaults to the cellars of the inn.

Something of that romance remains within the unchanged walls of the "London Apprentice." The billiard-room, for instance, with its window hanging over the river, its funny little alcoves and groaning floor boards, all tend to take one back through centuries to the days that we are told were good.

The ceiling in this room bears the work of an Italian artist, who, three hundred years ago, to repay the hospitality of the landlord, carved a vine and a

crest during his leisure from Syon House, where he was engaged by the Royal resident to decorate a bed-chamber. The ceilings were damaged during the air-raids on London, but the carvings remained intact.

Round the walls in this, and other rooms, are a set of Hogarth sketches. It is believed that this artist spent many hours at the inn, studying and drawing the apprentices and other visitors.

THEN—AND NOW.

Now, the "London Apprentice" is the haunt of many celebrated artists and London newspaper cartoonists. On the walls are several water-colour paintings of the inn from various angles done by names that are well-known in Fleet-street.

The present landlord never tires of relating items of historical interest regarding the inn. He is a good listener, too, and for tit-bits of history makes more than a fair exchange in pints.

He is Mr. William McDonald, and when he took over the inn ten years ago he had completed 32 years in the Army.

"The place probably isn't quite as interesting as it was five hundred years ago," he told me, "but we still have strange characters here, and we still have some grand evenings, too. There will be plenty for the next generations to talk about."

I think so, too.

RONALD RICHARDS.

Home Town News

BATH-CHAIR MILKMAIDS.

ALTHOUGH milk crates are so heavy for young girls to carry, the people of Norton, Yorks, always have their milk delivered to them on time.

At first the farmers were worried because the milk wagons were much too heavy for their young girl employees.

Then Mr. R. Barker, of Crooksbarrow Farm, had an idea when he saw an old bath-chair lying unused in a corner of his barn.

After he had made a few alterations, Granny's old bath-chair has come in very useful, for now the girls push it around the countryside filled with milk.

SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT.

AN old English hen hatched a brood of chickens at Murdy's Farm at West Fleetam Chathill (Northumb.) recently. But since then she has not been allowed near them. The cockerel has taken charge of the chicks and will not allow her anywhere near the youngsters. The chicks are under the wing of the cock now, and they feel quite satisfied with the arrangement.

Anyway, in a fight we think he might do them justice.

Perhaps mother's waiting her time.

PAPER-CHASE.

THERE is one little girl in Grange Road, Jarrow, Co. Durham, who had all the men chasing after her money. Walking along the street, she dropped a large number of Treasury notes, which were scattered in the wind.

Every time they would-be captors got within a few feet they blew further along the street, but finally all the notes were recovered and returned to their pretty owner.

They certainly struck a new note... in paper-chasing!

LIFE'S PLEASURES.

IF there is anyone in a position to decide whether large families bring happiness to a home it is 74-year-old Coun. Tom Larkin, of Whitley Bay, Northumberland, who recently celebrated his golden wedding anniversary.

He has a family of nine children and 22 grandchildren, who, he says, are the greatest happiness in his life, even though, like all families, they have caused him trouble at times.

THEIR SAVINGS TOOK WINGS.

THE 32 youngsters of Little-town, Co. Durham, Council School always envied the men who fly, and when they had the chance to help in the Wings for Victory Week nothing could stop them.

Setting the modest target of £35, they worked with such enthusiasm that they beat their target twenty times over, realising £752 in all. They were so pleased at this excellent result that they sent a gift of £20 to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

FISHY BUSINESS.

AT a meeting of the Stanhope (Durham) Council recently, it was disclosed that the villagers were making a habit of travelling to Westgate, six miles away, to get fish and chips. The village could not boast a fish shop, and that journey meant a round trip of 12 miles.

It is hoped that they did not sprinkle them too liberally with vinegar before they did the return journey. Anyway, they have at last opened their own shop and save the wear and tear of the bus.

BY GUM!

CHEWING-GUM came in useful to a Scarborough policeman.

On his beat early one morning he smelt gas, and found a leaking pipe. He plugged the hole with his chewing-gum, and this held firmly until the pipe was repaired.

The policeman's a real "sticker" for safety....

For A.B. Joseph Pounder YOUR SISTER'S GOT DINKIE WELL TAPED!



IN idle moments during the "night watch" you've probably often wondered, Able Seaman Joseph Pounder, whether Dinkie can sit up and beg yet.

Before you sailed the seas, Joe, you were spending a great deal of energy trying to teach Dinkie to beg. (Dinkie, by the way, is a cat, but it was only a kitten the last time Joe saw him.)

You weren't very successful, naturally, but your sister Kathleen has carried on the good work, and this is the result! He can certainly beg, what say you?

And we gathered more news for you, too, Joe, while we were interviewing your folk and taking pictures at your home in Avon Road, Levenshulme.

First, your mother's health has improved. Your cousin, Reg. McKenna, has joined the Navy and gone to a training ship you know.

And last, but not least, don't go to the old home and knock people up in the small hours when next you come on leave, for your folk are taking a new house in Fortuna Grove, Levenshulme.

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

1. What is an onager?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Little Minister," (b) "Little Lord Fauntleroy"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Little Dorrit, Barnaby Rudge, Barry Lyndon, Bleak House, Nicholas Nickleby?
4. Who were the Anthropophagi?
5. What is Auld Reekie?
6. Who was Heavy-weight Boxing Champion in 1907?
7. When is the moon at perigee?
8. What is lignum vitae?
9. Who was Corporal Trim?
10. Belemnites are a tribe of—Palestinian natives, inhabitants of Bethlehem, a kind of fossil cuttle-fish, the bellringers of Bow Church, a blight attacking Canterbury Bells?

Answers to Quiz in No. 113

1. 273 degrees Centigrade below zero.
2. (a) G. K. Chesterton, (b) Mark Twain.
3. Bullace is a fruit; the others are vegetables.
4. 12 stone 6 lb., or over.
5. An ancient road from Rome to Brindisi, begun in 312 B.C. by Appius Claudius.
6. Sassafras tea, with sugar and milk.
7. Vain boasting.
8. A plant whose carrot-like root is used to mix with coffee.
9. A scolding wife in Douglas Jerrold's "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures."
10. Beetles.
11. John Harvard, born in Southwark, 1607.
12. A tea-urn used in Russia.

FILM STARS

T	U	R	N	E	R
C	R	O	S	B	Y
L	A	M	O	U	R
G	R	A	B	L	E
B	O	G	A	R	T
M	U	R	P	H	Y

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle:

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Move eyelid.
5. House.
10. Object.
11. High spirits.
12. Dried cocoa-nut kernels.
14. Fruit.
15. Joint.
16. Engine pit.
17. Taciturnity.
19. Number.
21. Entrance barriers.
23. Nourished.
25. Sweet-sounding.
28. Leave out.
30. South European.
31. Musical instrument.
33. Goodness.
34. Boring tools.
35. Antelope.
36. River flood.
37. Footwear.

CAMEL DEBTS
ORIGIN MARE
BIN DOMINIE
LAGS MET AD
E LUPIN FLY
REMINDERS
BUD PASTE P
ON FIT CELL
INDITED SEA
LEAL SIMIAN
SLYLY GRAPE

CLUES DOWN.

1. Footballers.
2. Treat as celebrity.
3. Dry.
4. Destructive parrot.
5. Men who appraise.
6. Enumerated things.
7. Is lame.
8. Card game.
9. Take possession of.
13. Marsh plant.
16. Reject with scorn.
18. One proposed.
20. Fancy.
22. Team.
23. Amphibians.
24. Defined beliefs.
26. Freight.
27. Water-lily.
29. Barley product.
32. Rush along.
33. Manuscripts.

The Baron was never a snob, but in this final instalment HE EVEN CUTS A SULTAN DEAD

[T was while returning from a voyage to South Africa that my adventures were nearly ended by an iceberg.

Off the coast of Guinea, to our utter astonishment, we perceived a great hill, seemingly of glass, advancing against us in the open sea. The rays of the sun were reflected upon it with such splendour that it was extremely difficult to gaze at the phenomenon.

I immediately knew it to be an island of ice, and, though in so very warm a latitude, determined to make all possible sail from such horrible danger.

We did so, but all in vain, for about eleven o'clock at night, blowing a very hard gale, and exceedingly dark, we struck upon the island.

In a few minutes the vessel was half-full of water, and the enormous castle of ice that seemed to hem us in on every side, in some places falling in hideous fragments upon the deck, killed the one half of the crew. Getting upon the summit of the mast, I contrived to make it fast to a great promontory of the ice, and calling to the remainder of the crew to follow me, we all escaped from the wreck, and got upon the summit of the island.

The rising sun soon gave us a dreadful prospect of our situation, and the loss, or rather icefication, of the vessel.

Being closed in on every side with castles of ice during the night, she was absolutely frozen over and buried, in such a manner that we could behold her under our feet, even in the central solidity of the island.

Having debated what was best to be done, we immediately cut down through the ice, and got up some of the cables of the vessel and the boats, which, making fast to the island, we towed it with all our might, determined to bring home island and all or perish in the attempt.

On the summit of the island we placed what oakum and dregs of every kind of matter we could get from the vessel, which, in the space of a very few hours, on account of the liquefying of the ice, and the warmth of the sun, were transformed into a very fine manure.

Vegetables on ice

As I had some seeds of exotic vegetables in my pocket, we shortly had a sufficiency of fruits and roots growing upon the island to supply the whole crew—especially the bread-fruit tree, a few plants of which had been in the vessel, and another tree, which bore plum-

puddings so very hot, and with such exquisite proportion of sugar and fruit, that we all acknowledged it was not possible to taste anything of the kind more delicious in England.

In short, though the scurvy had made such dreadful progress among the crew before our striking upon the ice, the supply of vegetables, and especially the bread-fruit and pudding-fruit, put an almost immediate stop to the distemper.

We had not proceeded thus many weeks, advancing with incredible fatigue by continual towing, when we fell in with a ship which rescued us, and in which we were delivered safely to England.

The battle of the Lions

While I was in Africa I did a great deal of hunting of wild animals, getting every day prodigious quantities of game in the woods, and at night encamping within a proper enclosure for fear of the wild beasts.

One whole day in particular we heard on every side, among the hills, the horrible roaring of lions, resounding from rock to rock like broken thunder. It seemed as if there was a general rendezvous of all these savage animals to fall upon our party.

That whole day we advanced with caution, our hunters scarcely venturing beyond pistol shot from the caravan for fear of dissolution. At night we encamped as usual, and threw up a circular entrenchment round our tents.

We had scarce retired to repose when we found ourselves serenaded by at least one thousand lions, approaching equally on every side, and within a hundred paces.

Our cattle showed the most horrible symptoms of fear, all trembling and in cold perspiration.

I directly ordered the whole company to stand to their arms and not to make any noise by firing till I should command them.

Baiting a trap

I then took a large quantity of tar, which I had brought with our caravan for that purpose, and strewed it in a continued stream round the encampment. Within the circle of tar I immediately placed another train or circle of gunpowder, and having taken this precaution, I anxiously waited the lions' approach.

These dreadful animals, knowing, I presume, the force of our troop, advanced very slowly and with caution, approaching on every side of us with an equal pace, and growling in hideous concert, so as to resemble an earthquake or some similar convulsion of the world.

JANE



How the Baron got his scars

Tippoo, though a barbarian, was not deficient in politeness, and declined the compliment, upon which I took off my hat, and bowing, told him it was an advantage Munchausen should never be said to accept from so gallant a warrior. Upon this, Tippoo instantly discharged his carbine, the ball from which hitting my horse's ear, made him plunge with rage and indignation. In return I discharged my pistol at Tippoo and shot off his turban.

He had a small field-piece mounted with him on his elephant, which he then discharged at me, and the grape-shot coming in a shower, rattled in the laurels that covered and shaded me all over, and remained pendant like berries on the branches.

I then advancing, took the proboscis of his elephant, and, turning it against the rider, struck him repeatedly with the extremity of it on either side of the head, until I at length dismounted him.

Nothing could equal the rage of the barbarian finding himself thrown from his elephant. He rose in a fit of despair and rushed against my steed and myself. But I scorned to fight him at so great a disadvantage on his side, and directly dismounted to fight him hand to hand.

Cutting up rough

He next made a furious blow at my head, but I, parrying, deadened the force of his sabre, so that I received but one scar on my forehead; and at the same instant, by a blow of my

WANGLING WORDS—76

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after EEPE, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of MENTAL WORDS to make a northern county.
3. Change MOON into RISE, altering one letter at a time and making a new word with each alteration.
- Change in the same way: SUN into SET, SIDE into STEP, SOCK into NOSE.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from PARAPHERNALIA?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 75

1. TERMINATE.
2. BIDEFORD.
3. PLATE, PLACE, TRACE, TRICE, TRIPE, SPIES, SPITS, SLITS, SLOTS, PLOTS.
4. BUS, BUT, BAT, BAR, CAR, BEES, BETS, BATS, HATS, HATE, HAVE, HIVE.

sword, cut off his arm, and his hand and sabre fell to the earth. He tottered for some paces, and dropped at the foot of his elephant.

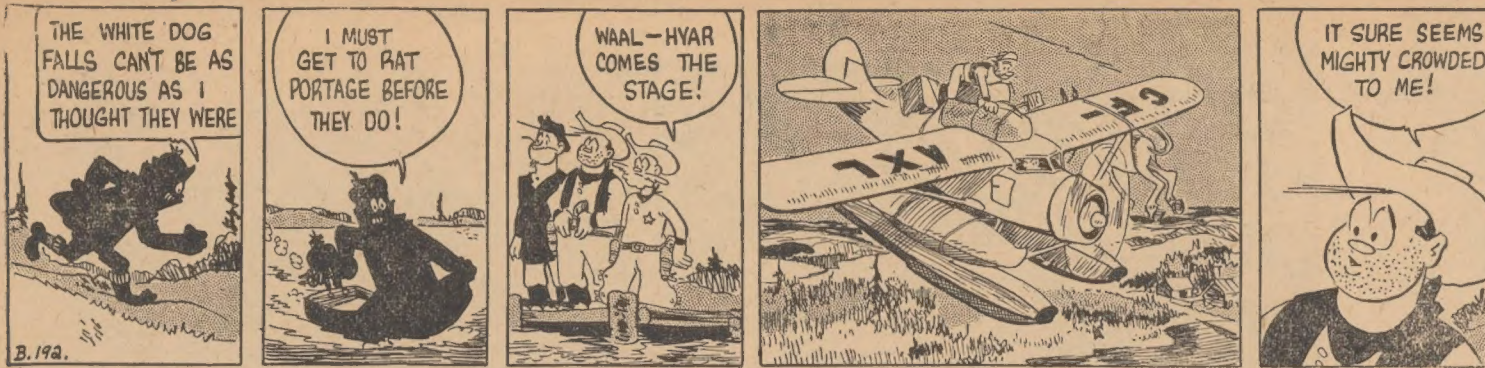
That sagacious animal, seeing the danger of his master, endeavoured to protect him by flourishing his proboscis round the head of the Sultan. Fearless, I advanced against the elephant, desirous to take alive the haughty Tippoo Sahib. But he drew a pistol from his belt and discharged it full in my face as I rushed upon him, which did me no further harm than wound my cheek-bone, which disfigures me somewhat under my left eye. I could not withstand the rage and impulse of that moment, and with one blow of my sword separated his head from his body.

TODAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Here's a teaser. This small animal is—a Kinkajou, Lemur, Lynx, Coati Mundi, Loris, Meerkat, or maybe it's a Tapir. Help us out, will you? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 113: Sorting Flour Bags.

Beelzebub Jones



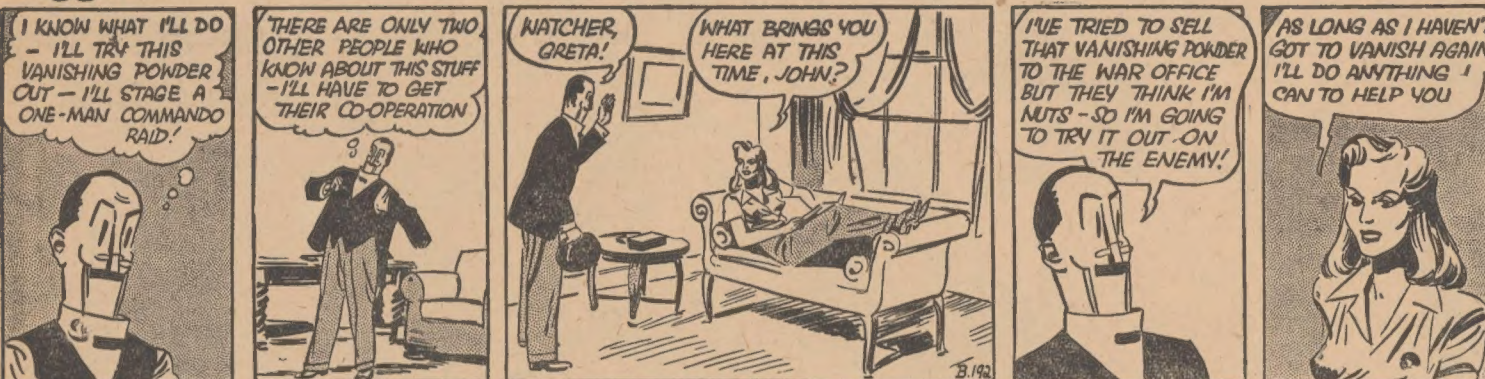
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



LION HEARTED BOWLER

By THE OLD TOUGH

AN exuberant "character" was the late Walter Brearley, the England and Lancashire fast bowler. He was a man of vast energy and vitality. Although he lived for a long period in London he never lost a luxuriant Lancashire accent, and when he was excited, which was pretty frequently, you could cut it with a knife.

Walter owed much of his success as a fast bowler to his great strength, which lay largely in his back muscles and in his loins. I have seen him jump across a billiard table, and when you consider the amount of "take-off" you have to perform this feat, you will gather the abnormal strength he possessed.

To these muscles, and to the fact that, for a fast bowler, he took only a short run up to the wicket, about six paces, Brearley owed his ability to bowl with very great speed for hour after hour.

As he delivered the ball, after his short run, he used to fling every ounce of his great back muscles into the effort and almost swing himself round. As a result, the ball, which came swiftly enough through the air, seemed to gather "devil" from the pitch, and often beat the batsman by sheer speed.

Like all true Lancashire men, he had supreme confidence in himself, and reckoned himself to be the master of any batsman.

One great Test cricketer he named his "tame rabbit," and if you were to look up the records you would find that, although this man scored centuries galore, yet he nearly always fell, a cheap victim, when he met Brearley.

Batting did not interest him; he used to go in last, and at Lord's when he went in he used to run down the pavilion steps, jump the little wicket-gate, trot all the way to the crease, make a cheerful "duck" or scratch a lucky couple of runs, and then trot back.

Thereafter the game began in earnest for him, for he was going to bowl. From that moment he was a grim opponent, never letting up in the attack, never slackening in his speed.

"Attack, attack, and then attack," was his motto. On one occasion at Taunton, in grilling sunshine, Walter had been bowling all morning and most of the afternoon, and things were not going too well for Lancashire. Then A. C. Maclaren, the skipper, said, "I think we'll try a change of bowling, Walter."

"Good idea," replied Walter, "and I'll go on at the other end!"

Truly a lion-hearted cricketer.

They say— What do you say?

BOYS AND GIRLS.

IN all the correspondence concerning admission of secondary school boys to the public schools I see no mention of similar advantages for girls. To give opportunity for educational and social advancement to one section only of the populace is neither just nor politic.

Mrs. Marion Gardner (Crawley).

POPULAR AUTHORS.

IT makes all the difference to a people who are its great writers, and to an age who are its popular authors. They may not be moralists, but they cannot escape influencing morals. For in all writing, whether moral, immoral, or amoral, a view of life is implicit, even if unconscious, and makes itself felt.

Sir Richard Livingstone.

THE HERD INSTINCTS.

THE majority of us are neither heroes nor cravens, but apt to follow the example of the few who are extraordinarily brave or timorous. Soldiers have been trained to act in unison, and if they storm the gates of hell in company, stand together like a stone wall, or yield to panic with Gadarene unanimity, it is what might be expected of them. Recent experience, however, shows civilians to be hardly less imitative when danger threatens.

Willoughby Dewar.

WAR-TIME WRITING.

WAR-TIME conditions are not encouraging for the writing of novels of the first rank. . . . Many writers are in the Forces or in other work which gives little time for steady creative activity. . . . Many writers find that the economic-social-intellectual framework around which they constructed their philosophy of life is now inadequate. They have nothing to put in its place.

Norman Nicholson.

ODD CORNER

DIODENES lived in a tub, but in 1935 Leon Plant, a poor man of Minnesota, U.S.A., was living comfortably in an old butter churn. Somehow or other he had managed to get into it a bed and a stove, and nothing would induce him to quit. "There's no place like home," he said, as he turned down several offers of charity.

Mr. George Carpenter, of Radstock, England, lived in a hole in the ground beneath a refuse dump. For sixteen years he earned his living picking things off the dump and selling them, and he claimed that the fermentation going on in the dump kept his burrow at a constant, warm temperature.

Another queer fellow, Leon

Collini, was charged at the Rhone Assizes in 1937 with a queer murder. His master stroke was getting rid of the body by embedding it in blocks of cement, and if he hadn't tried cooking the head of his victim in a bucket he might never have been caught. At the trial, his wife complained that he used to climb on to the roof to wash his feet in the gutter, and then go naked into the garden to take his bath with a hose-pipe.

In Philadelphia, 1937, a professional juggler was challenged to swallow a certain number of articles, and within seven hours he had swallowed 20 pieces of chain, two combs, ten horseshoe nails, 54 wire nails, 35 oval nails, eight screws, 50 buttons, twelve pins, one knife-handle, and a number of other objects.

Later he complained of pains, and was sent to hospital and operated upon. He recovered completely.

When Tornado Smith, the "Wall of Death" rider, was fined £5 for speeding in 1936, he rode to court on a "penny-farthing" bicycle bearing an "L" plate, and presented the Bench with a sack containing about 2,400 farthings and 600 pennies. He was ordered to wait until the end of the court, and to count the money out in shillings. He was one farthing short, and was ordered to bring it the following week.

A. L. Leach, of Lewisham, and Mr. Spurrell, both archaeologists, have performed the almost incredible feat of reconstructing the original stones from which Stone Age man made his implements. Having found the implements, they then searched for the chips which had been struck off in making them, and reassembled the original blocks of flint.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



Now this is the kind of "P.T." we fall for. Wonder if Rosemary Lane, Warner Bros.' star, has any vacancies in her class.

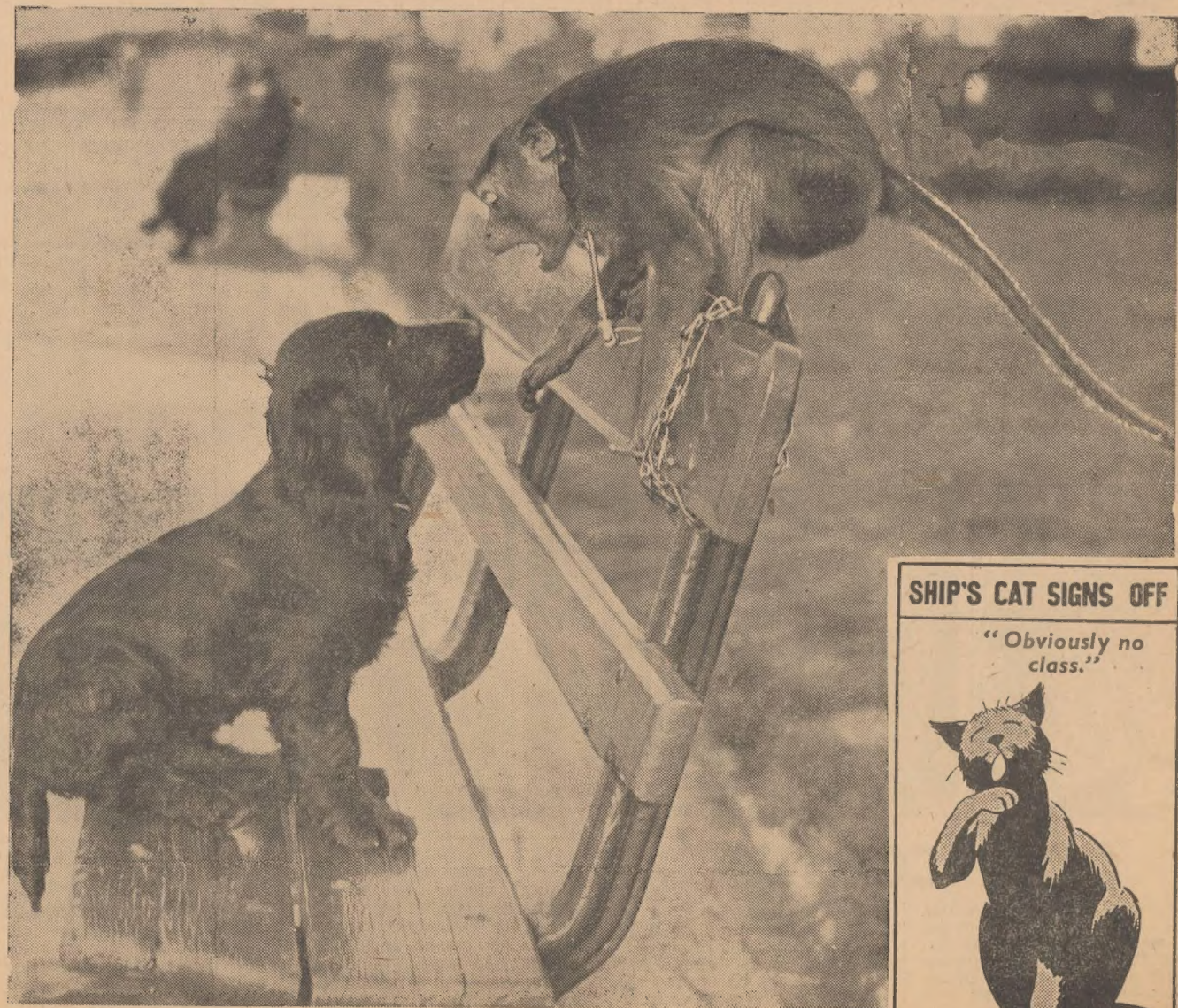


Here's a hamper of mischief for submariners. The label seems to have dropped off, so don't be surprised if trouble comes your way when the postman arrives.

This England



Scene at Coverack, West Cornwall. Old Tim Connor explains the mysteries of a lobster-pot to an inquisitive juvenile. You can almost hear her say, "And do they really walk inside here all by themselves?"



So you're up to your monkey tricks again. No wonder they've chained you to the seat. Keep your mouth shut, like me, or you'll get yourself hanged.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Obviously no class."

